



The Woman's Page

Women on Harrison Should the Ex-President Marry Answered Yes and No.

Those ladies who would place ex-President Harrison, like St. Simon Stylites, on a pillar, are represented by several letters. On the other hand, there are those who applaud his recent determination to marry. Some of these letters express unusual sentiments. For example: That love is grotesque as a spectacle, and only youth excuses it. Another is the assumption that man is domestic as a cat is domestic, and a place on the hearth must be provided for him.

Makes a Question of Age.

It is rather complimentary to Mr. Harrison that we regard him as a piece of national property, and feel an interest in his future. It is not, however, a compliment to him to say that he is a piece of national property.

But there is something so grotesque in love as a spectacle that love alone can illumine it. While women have a prevailing sentiment in favor of one marriage, we all realize that man is a domestic animal, as cats are domestic, and a place must be provided for him on the domestic hearth. Against this even ex-Presidents are not exempted.

Don't Mean What They Say

Women have theoretical opinions about sex and marriages. The President's engagement has merely given them an opportunity to express themselves. But they don't mean half they say. It is merely a worn-out habit of thought to which they are giving tongue. Women never married and unmarried with so little comment as they do to-day.

Congratulations from One.

Why is there all this how-do among so many of our women about ex-President Harrison marrying again? He is no son of the Pope, or an ordinary saint, and he has shown great respect to the memory of his wife, and I, for one, think he is to be congratulated. A. R.

Feminine Examples Quoted.

To the Editor of the Journal:

Mr. Harrison's marriage was very naturally an exciting comment. It is the latest of our sex. We women marry, we die and are forgotten. Did Mrs. Polk marry again, or Mrs. Tilton? Has Queen Victoria remarried, or the Empress Eugenie? Did Mrs. A. T. Stewart, Mrs. R. L. Stewart marry again? Have Mrs. Blodgett, Mrs. Josephine Lowell and Mrs. Maturin married?

Luxurious Neuralgia:

The prevailing tendency to turn everything into luxury has been dealing with neuralgia. A young woman thus describes her cure: She was shown into a pretty room and placed in an easy chair. A silk cushion was placed under her head, a footstool supported her feet. The attendant lighted a small spirit lamp under a vaporizer and put a dainty bib under her chin.

With a soft sponge moistened in warm water and some sweet smelling stuff, the masseuse made the application, and manipulated the aching spot with firm, cool fingers. Vigorously but gently she rubbed the surface with the soft, practised cushions of her finger tips. This brought the blood to the surface with a peculiar sensation of refreshment. After this treatment some fragrant cream, medicinally treated, was rubbed in. The cream that did not penetrate was washed off with cold perfumed water to prevent taking cold from exposed pores.

The final step was a mild application of electricity by means of a soft kid pad over the face. After three quarters of an hour of this enforced leisure and dallying with creams and perfumes a week-old neuralgia was chased away.

THE COUNTERS OF CASTELLANE HAS recently given an Epiphany dinner. Sprays of white lilac and trails of ivy and mimosa were thrown with artful carelessness on the white cloth. After dinner the guests were entertained by a performing company of children.

ANTOINETTE STERLING: SINGER.

Won Local Fame in Beecher's Church.

Antoinette Sterling was always an interesting personality. When she went to London she was commended to sing at Windsor before the Queen. This involved a low dress. Miss Sterling's Quaker principles forbade what she considered an indecorous exposure. She declined to go. In vain her manager pleaded.

"I cannot sing—I express. Is not that the function of music, to interpret the feeling, to interpret the poem, to make my hearers feel that I am living the very sensation that inspired the poet? My songs were written for me. Edwin Arnold knew the truth about music and had come to refuse absolutely to listen to 'intellectual' in sound. No piano was ever opened where he was entertained. So he had persistently refused to hear me, even when we happened to be out together. One hostess, braver than the others, at length caught me unawares (for, knowing Arnold's distaste, I should never have consented to sing for his hearing). I could not have forced myself to it. That time, the first I knew was that from an adjoining room Edwin Arnold came to my side while I was singing. There were not many words uttered, but I sang as one inspired, song after song for him, while the tears coursed down his cheeks. I understood him—my father hated music. We are Quakers, you know, and the blood of the Puritan, Mary Bradford, is in my veins. In the little village in New York State, where I was born my brother and I were taught to believe anything but that God is in the poet and singer."

At length the Queen was informed of the singer's scruples, and consented to receiving her in a high dress. The incident stirred the foundations of London society, and the doors flew open to the sturdy American. The place Miss Sterling gained she never lost. Except Albany, no singer is dearer to the English people. On his deathbed Charles Kingsley sent for her that he might hear "The Three Fishers." Miss Sterling is a conspicuous figure at all "first views" and public functions at which her principles permit her to be present. Of late years her religious nature has deepened. Not long since she joined the Society of Friends. She has recently returned to her own country to renew her associations and sing. The following interview illustrates the almost mystical character of her nature:

"I cannot sing—I express. Is not that the function of music, to interpret the feeling, to interpret the poem, to make my hearers feel that I am living the very sensation that inspired the poet? My songs were written for me. Edwin Arnold knew the truth about music and had come to refuse absolutely to listen to 'intellectual' in sound. No piano was ever opened where he was entertained. So he had persistently refused to hear me, even when we happened to be out together. One hostess, braver than the others, at length caught me unawares (for, knowing Arnold's distaste, I should never have consented to sing for his hearing). I could not have forced myself to it. That time, the first I knew was that from an adjoining room Edwin Arnold came to my side while I was singing. There were not many words uttered, but I sang as one inspired, song after song for him, while the tears coursed down his cheeks. I understood him—my father hated music. We are Quakers, you know, and the blood of the Puritan, Mary Bradford, is in my veins. In the little village in New York State, where I was born my brother and I were taught to believe anything but that God is in the poet and singer."

Some Dresses:

An evening gown of rich, boldly patterned white brocade boasts a corselet bodice, whereof the design is thickly traced all over with the smallest of silver sequins. The deep, voluminous berthe and the short puffs that serve as sleeves are of white chiffon, while two hands of sequin embroidery pursue down the skirt front from waistline to hem, where they finish not ignominiously in slender pyramidal trophies of Nephros roses and choux of the new spangled ribbon, which, of course, are white. A pretty half toilette, which is a veritable triumph of diplomacy, has a flowing skirt, slightly full



England Loves Her; Boston Doesn't.

Thus I won Edwin Arnold and John Halifax, Dinah Mulock Craik and Jean Ingelow, and it is their songs written for me I sing, and the dear Scotch and Irish ballads that speak for the souls of the people. Boston people say I cannot sing at all. I do not care what is said or what is thought. Always I have found people to sing to; always I have found the sweet appreciation of poets and souls wherever I am—in America, in London, in Australia, most of all, of course, in London, where I have 'expressed' for twenty years. If I have not sung. But it was a long exile. I yearned for my own land. It was nineteen years since I had sung here, and I was in raptures with the thought of returning. I have had no manager, and you have grown so big—too big—for me to expect you to know me over here as I am known in England, where I was married, and where my children have been born, and where other people's children have been named after me, Antoinette. Everything has worked out for the best, however. I have come to love you all again, and have love for myself, which is better far than winning material things. And I shall stay long enough to have everybody hear me sing, whether they will or no."

Van Beers's Supper:

Mr. Whistler's dinner effects have been outdone by the supper of the artist Van Beers. The table was a sheet of plate glass. This was covered by a web-like tablecloth. The room was lit by an electric light placed beneath the table, which, sent through the glass, flashed yellow, now red, again white, and so on through the prismatic tints of the rainbow, and again occasionally withdrawn, left the room in darkness. As it happened, there were only men at supper. One can imagine the dismay of women who do not make up for footlights reflecting on their faces green, red or yellow, regardless of what color becomes them best.

FINGER BOWLS ARE UNKNOWN ON THE TABLE OF MRS. CLARA Louise Kellogg-Strakosch. At the end of dinner an exquisitely wrought basin of old English silver, which is half-filled with fragrant rose-water, is passed. Into this each person dips a corner of his or her napkin, which is then used to wipe the fingers. The revival of this ancient custom caused some embarrassment on one occasion, when a guest (of the male sex), upon being introduced to it for the first time, washed both hands in the rose-water. Now it is passed to the hostess first.

The Broad Shoulders Company:

The Social Demands Insurance Company is the latest development out of life in London. It arises out of the question men and women put to themselves: "How much can I give without being shabby?" When asked to give money to objects for which they have no sympathy or some sense of reciprocity obliges contribution. There are always restless persons about getting up testimonials, statues, anniversary gifts, from silver dinner services down to bronze inkstands, whom it is impossible to refuse. To thus lighten these needless burdens of life this society is organized. On receipt of subscriptions, graduated according to the income and needs of the members, the society will transact this business for them on the cheapest possible scale. The society will not be afraid of being called shabby, having no corporeal delicacy of feeling. Members who have qualified merely send in to the society each week their social begging letters. The society, doing a ready money business, can easily buy in bankrupt stocks of clocks, eggshells, bric-a-brac, silver, books. Thus it will be able to furnish suitable presents at reduced prices. The London society goes so far as to have engaged a staff of sculptors, impressionist painters, in acquiring a collection of painters' models that can be easily altered to suit the occasion, and other artistic refuse that may be utilized at reasonable terms. The subscription of a duke, for example, to the society is put at £100, while a person of letters would not be charged more than 6s. 8d. In this country the subscriptions of rich men and women ranking with the dukes would be approximately \$70, while writers would be proportionately charged not more than \$2 a year.

Victoria's Appetite:

Queen Victoria's digestion is so good that her appetite is the despair and envy of the Court. When lords and ladies play with their entrees, and satisfy their appetites with boiled milk in their private apartments, the Queen makes her way unhesitatingly through any bill of fare. Neither grief of mind nor fatigue of body affects her appetite for food.

Satin Sky; Crepe Stars:

Worth is ornamenting dresses with a new style of applique, composed of several thicknesses of French crepe arranged in elegant patterns, and placed on sheer colored silks. Thus a gown of satin skirt seemed studded with black crepe stars, which increased in size toward the base, but were more spread out, letting the blue satin be seen; the low bodice, in the style of Nattier's portraits, was covered with the same stars.

Last night one happy hour I spent in the rose garden of memory; And a bird's song, that came and went, told over sw old tales to me. And still the sweetest of them all were ever, ever, love. "Hush, bird!" I wept, "I know them all—back to my bed—Memory."

Umbrella Grotesquerie

While the umbrella offers shelter the sticks furnish entertainment. The prevailing taste for grotesquerie is nowhere more conspicuous than in umbrella handles. Women in street cars inspect one another's umbrellas as certainly as they do one another's bonnets. Conspicuous are the Chinese carvings mounted on the ends of natural woods; grinning heads, monkeys, owls and dragons are favorite designs. One of the interesting groups shown was a mermaid, ivory, with white iridescent scales clinging to the stock. That these odd beasts and birds despoil gloves does not impair their value. Two copper hearts, each pierced by a diamond, surmounts an umbrella recently given by a young man to his betrothed. It is the responsibility of not losing this umbrella which occasions the anxious look on her in a crowd.

STEAK A' LA INSON, named by its inventor, a humble reporter, has found its way to the epicure's table. Boil to a turn a thick steak. Have ready a brown sauce made stirring together one tablespoonful of butter and one of flour till they take a rich color, and adding one-half pint of brown stock, salt and a dash of cayenne. In it parboil half dozen fresh mushrooms. Lay the steak on a hot platter and spread over it boiled beef's marrow. Pour on the sauce and garnish with sweet pepper and slices of truffles.

A GHOST IN THE STREET.

Mrs. Elizabeth Howard Saw the Shade of Her Departed Friend and Fainted.

Crowd Collected on the Sidewalk and Drove Away the Influence of the Apparition.

THE WOMAN SHOCKED WITH FRIGHT.

Says Her Friend Had Haunted Her for Years and Had Grown Importunate. Died Eight Years Ago of Superstitious Terror.

Mrs. Elizabeth Howard, wife of a florist at No. 783 Eighth avenue, believes that she has seen the ghost of her departed friend, Miss Della Maguire, who died eight years ago. Several people who saw Mrs. Howard faint and fall on the sidewalk in West Fifty-sixth street Tuesday evening believe that she saw something remarkable.

It was about 10 o'clock, and there were a great many persons in the neighborhood at the time, George Hicks, a real estate agent, who was walking a little behind the woman, was startled to hear her shriek suddenly, and the next moment, throwing up her arms, fall heavily to the ground. This was a few hundred yards west of Broadway, opposite a vacant lot. Hicks ran to the spot and found the woman in a faint. Passers-by collected about her, and there was a doctor among them. He made an examination and said that the case was one of simple vertigo, produced by fright.

The woman came to soon after and asked in a weak voice to be taken home. Hicks and another man put her on board an Eighth avenue car and accompanied her to the address she gave. All the way down the woman was sobbing and shaking with terror.

This is what she told them: "I had a friend named Della Maguire, who died eight years since from a peculiar cause. She was hanging a looking glass in the parlor of her home at New Rochelle. The glass fell and broke to pieces on the ground. It was just noonday and Della was only married a few days before. She died next day of fright.

MRS. DEAN 102 YEARS OLD

Celebrated Her Birthday of Jan. 29, 1794, in Her Brooklyn Residence.

Married Major William R. Dean Eighty Years Ago and He Has Been Dead Forty-one Years.

MIND CLEAR AND HEALTH GOOD.

Received Many Congratulatory Telegrams. Spends Much of Her Time in Attending to Flowers, of Which She is Uncommonly Fond.

Mrs. Helen Hegeman Dean celebrated the 102d anniversary of her birth at her home, No. 305 Carlton avenue, Brooklyn, yesterday. She was born in New Utrecht, L. I. Eighty years ago she was married to Major William R. Dean, of the Brooklyn Guards, which acted as Lafayette's escort when he visited Brooklyn, more than a half century ago. Mrs. Dean has been a widow since 1855.

The venerable lady is enjoying good health and is of a cheerful disposition. Mrs. H. H. DEAN. She is full of interest in the reminiscences of early Brooklyn. She believes in consolidation, but she thinks New York ought to be annexed to Brooklyn. She is fond of flowers and hours of her time every day are given to the care of plants which brighten up her room. She is an extremely retiring woman and averse to even most complimentary criticism.

From morning until night yesterday Mrs. Dean was in the receipt of telegrams and letters of congratulations sent by people living in every part of Brooklyn. The congratulations were read to her by Jennie Doherty, a pretty little girl who is her companion and reader. Miss Doherty reads the papers for the centenarian, who is sparing in the use of her eyes. Jennie said: "Mrs. Dean has lived so long because she is so kind and pleasant to everybody. 'Yes, I try to follow the golden rule,'" said Mrs. Dean, "and everybody is so kind to me."

Here's "One Grand, Sweet Song." Mr. and Mrs. Alfred L. Searing, who were married sixty years ago, celebrated the anniversary of their wedding at the home of their daughter, Mrs. C. K. Valen-tine, No. 62 Greene avenue, Brooklyn, last night. Mrs. Searing is eighty years old and his wife two years younger.

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ROQUES' GALLERY MAN HURT.

Inventor of the Scamps' Black Beast a Victim of the Cabs.

Two policemen were injured yesterday by falling from cable cars. Detective-Sergeant Thomas Adams, of the Central Office, sustained a compound fracture of the right leg. He was alighting from a Lexington avenue car at the corner of Forty-second street, when the car stopped suddenly and he fell from the step. When he attempted to get up he found his leg broken. He was carried into the Vanderbilt Hotel, and later removed to St. Vincent's Hospital.

DIAMONDS, BUT NO CASH.

Bejewelled Matron Found Sitting in a Sixth Avenue Hallway.

A young and attractive woman, who says she is Mrs. Laura Johnson, of Hoboken, but will tell nothing further about herself, was looked up in the West Thirtieth Street Station House at 5 p. m. yesterday. She was found by Policeman McCormick sitting in a doorway on Sixth avenue, between Fifteenth and Sixteenth streets. Apparently she was tipsy.

The strange thing about it was that she was loaded with diamonds. Over a handsome sealskin coat she wore a massive gold chain, from which hung a diamond pendant. On her fingers were six rings, containing large diamonds and pearls, besides which she wore a heavy band wedding ring. She tightly gripped her purse, which hadn't a cent in it.

She wouldn't answer McCormick's questions and refused to walk with him to the station house. As the argument progressed she became belligerent. The officer, seeing a patrol wagon and had to get help to lift the woman in, as she refused to budge from the doorstep. The Hoboken police have been asked to find out who the woman is.

Juror Drunk and Held for Contempt. Peter Hauck, Ind. Jan. 29.—At the opening of the trial yesterday of Dan Keller, his wife and sister, on the charge of killing Clara Shanks, the court and counsel were dumfounded to find one of the jurors who had been sworn in the night before, had allowed to separate, and Juror Soules had been out all night. The juror's character was newsworthy, and a new juror obtained. Soules was placed under guard to answer for contempt of court.

BESSIE MISSED THE BOAT.

Belated Miss Bellwood Was to Have Sailed on the Teutonic Yesterday.

But the Steamer Left Without Her and Here She Must Remain Disconsolate.

HER WARDROBE IS ALL AT SEA.

Overcome with Emotion the Music Hall Queen Requests a Hackman to Drive Her "Where a Lady Can Get a Drink."

When Bessie Bellwood, nee Catherine Ann Mahoney, the famous London music hall singer, left her native shores to warble for Tony Pastor the steamer St. Louis was billed to sail at 11 o'clock a. m. The vessel did not clear until 5 o'clock in the evening, however, and the fascinating Bessie waxed wroth over the delay.

After exploiting the ditty of the "Clean Old Man with Dirty Abbits" and other songs, Miss Bellwood decided to return to England with the next proceeds. She was to have sailed at 10 o'clock yesterday morning on the steamer Teutonic. At two minutes past 10 a swift hack dashed down to the dock. The vehicle contained the singer and a dressing case, one maid, one landlady and one lap dog nine years old belonging to the said landlady, who faint would have said bon voyage to Miss Bellwood.

But Bessie is here yet. So is the maid and the dressing case, and that is about all. Eight large trunks filled with Miss Bellwood's character songs, gestures and property suitcases are "out rock" to England. All she has left is one walking dress and her dialect, which is wholly inadequate to express her feelings.

When the swift hack, the singer, the dressing case and the maid, and likewise the dog and the landlady, reached the dock nothing remained of the Teutonic but a few untidy bubbles and a mantling veil of smoke. Instead of a gold laced marine to help her up the gang plank, Miss Bellwood was greeted with a coarse, unfurling horse laugh.

HER SLIPPERS ARE BOUNDING OVER THE BILLOWS OF THE TEUTONIC.

"When we drove on to the docks," she said, "everybody yelled 'You're late, you're late.' It was very trying, but I acted lady-like, though angry. Then the people who were mourning for departed friends set in to giggle, and I said to myself: 'What the blushing devil are they laughing at? 'Ave I changed their luck?' Then I tried to sweat, but couldn't."

"Next we went to the office to find out about the tickets, but I'm no clerk or agent. I finished me blooming turn on the stage, and that's my whack. The agent said we had forfeited our tickets, so I said to the hackman, 'Drive me to where I can get a drink.' He drove to a place on Broadway, but they wouldn't serve ladies unless we ordered a meal. We had some brandy and soda in the dressing case, but there was nothing to drink out of, and besides, the case was on top of the hack. There was more brandy, but I didn't touch it."

"Now here I am with nothing but what I stand on, and I'm very tired, but I'm very much better, and my wardrobe is all at sea. They charged me twenty-four pounds for myself and maid, and here we are. The steamer on this side are too blooming prompt. That's what fooled me. To-day I'll see the agent and find out whether we swim home or go by the majestic next Wednesday."

While Miss Bellwood was retelling her woes the maid looked over a second cabin menu which she had secured earlier in the week. On learning that minced beef, potatoes, pickles and marmalade were served for tea on board the Teutonic, Wednesday, January 29, 1896, the maid shrieked aloud at her agony.

West 14th St. 1897. COWPERTHWAIT'S "RELIABLE" CARPETS. LEIGH HUNT SAID: "Colors are the smiles of Nature—Her laughs, as in the flowers." It is almost impossible to be ill-natured with harmonious surroundings—and the foundation is the floor covering. Our well-blended colors tend more to cheerfulness than anything else. Our article coloring is our pride, but our prices are the greatest feature. Wool and waxes were at bed-rock rates when we made our contracts. Be sure to get all your floors covered at these low prices before the tax goes on wool and waxes.

Novelties in Furniture, Clocks, Rugs, etc., at reduced prices. CASH OR CREDIT. COWPERTHWAIT & CO. 104, 106 and 108 West 14th St. NEAR 6TH AV. Brooklyn Stores: Flatbush Av. near Fulton St.

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Instantly Relieved and Speedily Cured by Cuticura

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1 Sterling Upright..... 180
1 Lanke Upright..... 120
1 Rosewood Upright..... 85
1 Steinway..... 145
1 Sohmer..... 190
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60 good second-hand Pianos of various makes from \$50 to \$100. Ready payments. RENTED \$2 MONTHLY.

WISSNER, 204-208 Fulton St. (Brooklyn). 552-558 State St. 80 Montgomery St., Jersey City, N. J. 611 Broad St., Newark, N. J.

Has Never Been in Gotham. John Smith is an engineer in the employ of the New Jersey & New York Railroad. He has been working for the company for the past six years, and runs his train to Jersey City several times every day. Although he can look into New York City, Smith says he never rode on a steamboat, and has no intention of doing so. Smith is twenty-seven years of age, and when his train arrives in Jersey City he waits around the depot while some of his companions go to New York. They have tried to induce him to accompany them, but he never would go.